

In neither ought, or in extremity:

Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou.

Bap. Oh confound the rest:

Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:

In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:

But what we do determine, oft we breake:

Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,

Of violent Birth, but poore validitie;

Which now like Fruite vniue sticks on the Tree,

But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:

What to our selues in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,

Their owne enactors with themselves destroy:

Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;

Greefe Ioyes, Ioy greues on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,

Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,

The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:

And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,

For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend:

And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his Enemy.

But orderly to end, where I begun,

Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,

That our Deuices still are overthrowne,

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.

So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.

But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,

Sport and repose locke from me day and night:

Each opposite that blankes the face of Ioy,

Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:

Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now,

King. 'Tis deeply tworne:

Sweet, leaue me heere a while,

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile

The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,

And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine, *Sleeper*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play? *Exit*

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes,

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-

fence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-

fence in't world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonz-

ago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see

anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?

Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches

vs not: let the gail d iade winch: our withers are vnring.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:

if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene,

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my

edge.

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbando.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and

begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-

uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,

With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,

On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powres the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: His

name's Gonzago: the Story is extant and writ in choyce

Italian. You shall see anon how the Murderer gets the

loue of Gonzago's wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light, Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exit*

Monet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,

The Hart vngalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleepe;

So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of

my Fortunes tutne Turke with me; with two Provinciall

Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in aerie

of Players fit.

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I,

For thou dost know: Oh Damon deere,

This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,

And now reignes heere.

A verie verie Paoicke.

Hor. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for

a thousand pound. Didst perceiue?

Hor. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor. I did verie well note him.

Enter Rosinuerance and Guildenstorne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come Recorder:

For if the King like not the Comedie,

Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more rich-

er, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him

to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre

more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some

frame, and start not so wildly from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-

ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtisie is not of

the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-

some answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment:

if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of

my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answere: my wits dis-

cas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-

mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more

but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus the layes: your behaviour hath stroke

her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a

Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-

thers admiration?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closet,

ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.

Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-

per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-

tie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of

the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the grassie growes, the Prouerbe is

something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why

do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you

would drine me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue

is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play

vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges

with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your

mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.

Looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance

of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would

seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart

of my Myserie; you would sound mee from my lowest

Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-

sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot

you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee

plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrumēt you will,

though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God

blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queene would speak with you,

and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Cloud? that's almost in shape

like a Camell.

Polon. By'th' Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

They foole me to the top of my bent.

I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is easly said. Leaue me Friends:

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,

When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out

Contagion to this world, Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter businesse as the day

Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature: let not euer

The Soule of Nero, enter this firme bosome:

Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.

I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:

My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.

How in my words somer set she be shent,

To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosinuerance, and Guildenstorne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,

To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you:

The termes of our estate, may not endure

Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow

Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues provide:

Most holie and Religious feare it is

To keepe those many many bodies safe

That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The single

And peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and Armour of the minde,

To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,

That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests

The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie

Dies not alone, but like a Gulfe doth draw

What's neere it, with it. It is a masse wheele

Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,

To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things